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1903

Christmas Carols and Other Songs

CHRISTMAS CAROLS *and* Other Songs

By ADELAIDE V. FINCH

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Christmas Carols

Sing, little children, with gladness and mirth,
Sing of the Christ-child who came upon earth.
The song of the angels, proclaim it again!
Shout the glad chorus, "Good-will to all men."

Sing of His love for the young and the old,
The love that for ages has never grown cold.
Sing and proclaim the sweet message to-day,
And love in our hearts shall evermore stay.

Christmas, dear Christmas, our Christmas is here,
Hear the bells ring it from far and from near.
Sing and be joyous this glad natal morn,
Give thanks for our Saviour, the Christ that was born.

Thanksgiving Hymn

With songs that are joyful, our voices we raise
To God, the world's Father, our Author of days.
Thanksgiving to Him for He gave us His Son,—
The greatest of blessings since earth was begun.

We thank Him for seed-time, for harvest and rain,
For vineyards and orchards, for bountiful grain,
For life, health, and pleasure, for freedom from strife.
Our glorious country! No battle was rife.

For winds, waves, and breezes, that cool the warm air,
For moon, stars, and sunshine, for flowers so fair,
For autumn and winter, for summer and spring,
We thank Thee, our Father, our Ruler and King.

Violets

A tiny bunch of violets
Received this afternoon.
It breathes of spring, of birds on wing,
Of earth in sweet, full tune;
Of shady nooks and rippling brooks,
Of leaves still wet with dew,
Of life and love, of God above,
And all things good and true.

To a Sea Moss

You dainty, ocean flower,
Are you homesick for your bower,
That bower beneath the rocks down by the sea?
Can you hear the splashing surf,
And the children's happy mirth
As it sounded one short year ago to me?

Were you happy, too, that day,
As you nestled in your play
With your waving little sisters of the brine?
Did you dream that we would go,
You and I, together so,
And leave those dear old haunts of yours and mine?

Did you think I had no heart
As I tore you thus apart,
Bore you, weeping briny tears, far up the sand?
You've a mission to perform
Which you looked upon with scorn
As I held you weak and helpless in my hand.

You bring, yes, bring to me
A breath right from the sea,
Which quickens the pulsations of my heart.
You bring the white sails near,
And the cool, salt air so clear,
The rumbling surf, and Jack's old "fisher-cart."

The gleaming, white, white sand,
The children, hand in hand
Stooping now and then to gather "silver-shells."
Or, with tiny pail and spade
A deep, round well is made.
Still they play,—the sun is shining o'er the fells.

You bring all this to me,
This breath right from the sea,—
The sea that still is beating by the bower.
Are you sorry that you came?
Do you feel now, just the same
As you felt before I told you of your power?

Twilight

It is twilight,—the most restful time of all the day. Nature is lulling herself to sleep. The oriole's carol sounds fainter and fainter, and is finally lost in the far distance; the cows low gently as they are driven home from the verdant pasture; the wind rocks the tall branches as a mother the cradle of her child; and even the grand old surf, with its usual roar and boom, seems to have forgotten, for the present, its mad impetuosity, and rolls at our feet with a gentle swish, swish, that acts as nature's own narcotic upon our tired brains.

The cricket waits the darkening hour before calling to its mate.

A sandpiper scurries along the sands, silent and alone.

Across the western horizon are blended prismatic colors which artists strive in vain to reproduce, and

miles away, resting in a bed of ethereal blue, is a stretch of deep rose-pink reflection, which, as we gaze upon it, grows lighter and lighter, and finally fades away.

We stroll along the bluffs. The "sensitive plant" at our feet folds its tiny leaves and awaits the coming morn.

Our tones are hushed; the inspiration of the hour is deep upon us.

Delicate and more delicate still grow the colors in the west. Louder and yet louder is the rumbling of the surf.

The twinkling stars appear. The twilight's gone.

The Wind

You wind, a-blowing night and day,
What is the song you sing?
What are the words you seem to say?
What message do you bring?

I sing of ships across the sea
That I am bringing home;
The sailors shout, "Heave-ho! heave-ho!"
While dashing o'er the foam.

I bring good news, my boy and girl,
That spring is on the way
With kites and hoops and skipping-ropes,
And fun for every day.

I tell of blossoms, leaves, and grass
That I shall help to bring;
Of laughing brooks and spotted trout,
And bluebirds caroling.

To the "Land of Nod"

Now, all aboard for "Shut-eye-town,"
And go by the "Shut-eye-train."
Baggage allowed, two big rag dolls
For Nell and little Jane.

In the "land of Nod" is "Shut-eye-town,"
Just forty winks from here.
You pay the fare before you go—
'Tis a kiss to mother dear.

You always pay an extra kiss,
A "tip" for the tuck-in-tight;
Then away you go for the "land of Nod"
And stay till broad daylight.

September

The early morning air, refreshing, cool, and sweet,
The dew all on the clovers nodding at our feet,
The warm sun of the noon-time glist'ning on
the mere,—
All surely come to tell us, "September days
are here."

October

October is the "opal month," the jewel of the year.
Now flaming sunsets, skies so blue, and gorgeous
leaves appear.
The tints and shades of color bright, all red, and
gold, and green,
And "loaded wagons" from the farms with yellow
corn are seen.
The Master's hand is shown this month, in pictures
rich and rare;
No painter ever vied with Him,—none with Him
can compare.

November

The birds, and leaves, and flowers have gone,
The butterflies have fled.
The little seeds sleep safe from harm,
Tucked in their soft, warm bed.

The brown leaves glisten in the rain,
The winds blow bleak and cold.
A flake of snow we sometimes see,—
The autumn has grown old.

December

See "Christmas Carols."

January

Upon the hilltops old Boreas reigneth,—
Blows he to eastward and westward blows he.
Snowflakes and branches he whirls in his madness,
Wild in his power and his might and his glee.

Down in the valley the snow is fast falling,
Swiftly and silently cov'ring the ground.
Farmhouse and fences are hidden in whiteness,
Over all nature there breathes not a sound.

February

In bed of earth, so warm and safe,
All wrapped in blanket white,
The little seeds lie fast asleep,
Awaiting spring so bright.

Soon Sun will take the blanket off,
And grass and flowers will peep
Out into this great world of ours,
Fresh from their winter's sleep.

March

Ah, March, fickle March, you are here once again,
With beautiful, changeable skies,
That one day are solemn and stormy and gray,—
The next are like baby's blue eyes.

You tell us that spring-time is right in your train,
That blossoms are hid 'neath the snow,
That winter is over and summer is nigh,
That all will soon flourish and grow.

So come, jolly March, you may come with a will,
And bring us the storm and the blast;
We welcome you gladly—you bring us good news—
The news that the winter is past.

April

The birds are returning from Southland again,
To welcome the birth of the spring.
The rollicking brooks join in gladsome refrain,—
Of life and of love hear them sing.

The breezes of April are soft on the cheek,
The clouds send a shower of tears,
And laughing old Sol peeps from out the deep blue,
The rainbow in beauty appears.

The violets purple are sparkling with dew.
How fresh is the morning's pure air!
The buds on the branches are opening wide.
No beauty with spring can compare.

May

O May, merry May, the last month of the spring,
You bring us the flowers and birds on the wing.
A carpet of velvet is soft 'neath our feet,
'Mid leaves on the branches are nests in retreat.
O May, merry May, the last month of the spring,
The Herald of Summer, to thee we will sing.

June

O warm is the sun on a bright summer's day,
And softly the wind sings to me.
The song that it sings tells of joy and of love,
And beauty of earth that we see.

The call of the birds, and the hum of the bees,
Make music that's gladsome and sweet.
The butterflies flit from the leaf to the rose,
And nod to each neighbor they meet.

The leaves and the grass are so fresh and so green,
The sky is so clear and so blue,
The daisies, and buttercups yellow as gold,
Are sparkling with morning's own dew.

O summer's the time for the young and the old,
For happiness breathes through the air.
All nature is bright, and all nature is gay,
All nature is gladsome and fair.

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